

## Part 1. Jared and Matt

Man, that's bullshit," Matt said as he gulped down his drink and set it back on the table. Ignoring my look of annoyance, he got up to grab his ps4 controller. Switching on the game, he put his headphones in and logged on. To him, the conversation was over.

I sighed and took a sip of my own drink, doing my best to get over the strange taste. Protein drinks, am I right? I'd been trying to lose weight, or at least turn it into muscle, for the past few months. Matt said he had something new for us to try. I was handed a can of some sort of animal-themed protein shake, with a cartoon rhino-man on the label. That immediately set off red flags for me.

I recalled a segment on the news where some guys downed a tainted protein shake and turned into fucking horses. Well, horse-men, anyways. It was only a few towns over, too. As soon as I saw the label, I nearly slapped the can out of my buddy's hand, not wanting him to drink that same shit. He was more than a little pissed at me. He paid "good money" for them, of course.

I showed him the report on the two horse-guys to try and prove my case. Matt nearly threw his drink at his tv in outrage at what he considered to be stupidity. It was obviously a cheap stunt, after all, he'd said. But I wasn't convinced. It looked too real to be a sham!

Still, I drank the drink, not wanting to offend Matt anymore than I already had. He was a good friend, despite his hot temper. And he was probably right. This drink didn't have a horse on it, the cartoonish symbol being a coincidence. And if that kind of beverage was more widespread, there would have been more victims, right?

After a while of sitting there in silence, I started feeling a little gross. Matt's apartment soon became stifling and made gaming unbearable. And my damn buddy, who had purchased a massive TV and gaming consoles, was somehow still too cheap to afford proper AC. Several shoddy, dusty fans could only do so much. I was sweating and starting to smell a little after a few hours. Unable to take the stench, I opted to head home.

As I stood up, a strange odor in the air caught my attention. It was sweaty and musky and almost made my head swim. It reminded me of the scent of a locker room after a high school sports game. It wasn't unlike the smell I normally associated with my buddy's apartment, truth be told. Yet this time it was...I don't know. Not so bad?

I sniffed the air for a few minutes, my head a little dizzy from the stink. It was a powerfully masculine scent, but for some reason, it had attracted my attention. I just couldn't get enough. So entranced by the powerful musk, I didn't notice my boner until Matt's voice broke me from my reverie.

"Dude! Put that monster away!" He said, making me look down at my crotch. The tent in my pants wasn't fit for the cock I'd walked in with. The stain of my jeans ran almost a quarter of the way down to my knee. It had to be an inch or two larger than the meat I'd been packing a couple of hours ago.

It didn't escape my notice that Matt's eyes stayed on my cock a lot longer than I might have expected. In fact, he seemed as taken by my cock as I was by his musk. I also couldn't help but observe that he was packing quite the snake as well. He rubbed it absentmindedly, leaking more of his fluids over his jeans and hand. Was that the source of the smell?

I decided now was a good time to get out of here. Recollections of the stallion protein shake story played over my mind, how the shake had made those two guys gay before changing them into horse-men. Would we mutate into rhino-men? I wanted to bring up my point to Matt, but in my boned-up state, I wasn't sure what would happen if I stayed here. So I bid him goodnight and got out of dodge, resisting the urge to touch myself as I did so.

The walk home was spent looking online via my phone for more instances of others changing from drinking animal-themed protein shakes. Something about men at a frat party acting like apes was part of a local news report from this morning, but it was nothing concrete. Other than that, my search was fruitless.

My head felt a little fuzzy as I walked, making it hard to concentrate on the two tasks at once. I eventually put my phone away and focused on ridding my nostrils of that masculine musk. Somehow the memory lingered in my nose far longer than my exposure should have allowed. It was maddening trying to resist the urge to touch myself. Fuck, I was needy! I didn't want to touch myself, even in the privacy of my own home. If I was changing, would masturbation accelerate the effects?

As soon as I got home, I got into the shower, trying to see if I had changed at all. My roommate Brett said hello, but I ignored him in my rush. I took in every inch of my naked self in the mirror, looking for changes. Was my skin a little off-color in some places? Was I bigger? Rubbing my biceps seemed to report an impossible firmness. Sure, I'd been carrying heavy grocery bags today, but that shouldn't have impacted my arms that much. Was my mind trying to make connections that weren't there?

My cock, however, was definitely larger than it had been. I stared at the size of my still-present erection, at least two inches longer and maybe a centimeter thicker as well. And was the tip flatter than before? It was impossible to say.

The only thing I was certain of was how fucking horny I was. I couldn't resist touching myself, even if I wanted to. I turned on the water to try and stifle any sounds I might make. In my boned-up state, it was all I could think of. My oozing cock tip was more than enough to lube up

my gentle ministrations. I kept out of the water, not wanting anything to distract me from my goal.

I was almost certain that my balls weighed heavier on my groin as I rubbed my dick and down. I could feel the burden of them, almost painful from the amount of seed they contained. I couldn't recall ever being this pent up in my life!

I ran my hand back and forth in a steady rhythm, feeling my copious pre leaking all the way down my shaft to pool on the bathroom floor. It wasn't going to take me long at this rate to finish. I tried my best to focus my thoughts on women, ex-girlfriends, and nude pics I recalled from surfing online. But my thoughts kept drifting back to the images of the horse-men I'd seen in the article. How powerful and muscled they were. How massive their dicks were. And I kept seeing Matt in my mind's eye. How sexy he smelled. How gorgeous he would be as one of those horses. Oh fuck-

"Uggg...ahhh!" I cried out as my mammoth cock blew all over the bathroom floor. I'd tried to aim for the tub, but the sheer quantity was too much. An impossible volume of rank seed sprayed all over the bathroom, coating the walls, the floor, and the counter. I panted, nearly falling over from the powerful orgasmic release. If I'd bothered to look, I'd see my cock head had changed dramatically during the ensuing orgasm. But in my state of fear, denial, and fatigue, I was barely able to drag myself to the shower and hose off before stumbling to my bedroom.

I went to lie down in bed, hoping, to hell, it was all in my head. I absent-mindedly rubbed the flesh on my arms, feeling the skin was a little rough in some places. And my muscles were definitely firmer than even my exploration in the bathroom. And as I tried to get comfortable, I could feel something aching from my spine, eliciting a yelp of pain as I sat on it. But all that faded from the embrace of sleep my body craved. I couldn't recall the last time I'd been so tired!

"Dude, what the fuck?!" My roommate yelled through the door. I was too tired to respond. I knew he'd stumbled across what I'd done in the bathroom. But it was a problem to deal with in the morning. Right now all that mattered was that sexy...

The dreams came vividly that night. I remembered every detail when I awoke in the morning. Every inch, every scent, every sensation. It started off with Matt's naked body. His thick, muscled body, impossibly large for what his form resembled in real life. But that didn't matter in my dreams. I was kissing him, wrapping my arms around his as our cocks touched. His scent wafted into my nose as I grew harder and harder. I needed him to fuck me. I needed it in the worst way...

I could sense every inch of him entering me, his cock stretching me impossibly wide as he fucked me. His cock felt bizarre in my anus, the tip thick and flared and pointed in all directions. And his body was so muscled, thick with armored skin. He was a giant of a man, and he was all up in my insides. I didn't care that he was my friend, didn't care that I wasn't gay. I didn't care

that my mind saw him like a rhino. I needed to be fucked, to be dominated. To have him cum in me as I came all over his hand...

I awoke to the sound of my phone ringing echoing in my ears. I sat up quickly, feeling the pain of something peeling away from my groin and my bulbous stomach. I wanted to ignore the beeping until my caller gave up. Yet even after an eternity, the phone didn't seem to stop ringing.

I sighed audibly and picked up the phone to the sound of Matt screaming at me. "Dude, what the hell? I'm a fucking mess! What did you do!?" He yelled, pausing long enough to wait for a response. I just slammed down the phone. Even in my sleep-addled mind, I could feel the rage forming. What right did HE have to say that! He gave us the damn protein shakes in the first place! I WARNED him! I couldn't relieve the anger I was feeling.

I reached down to my crotch to try and alleviate the sensation of stiffness. My pubic hair was covered with sticky seed, the remnants of my wet dreams, it seemed like. But the hairy groin my fingers reported was not my own. I had just shaved down there not two days ago. I stood up suddenly from the realization, the sticky seed pulling at my skin and causing me a bit of pain.

I braced myself to stare at what had become of my body. The entire surface was covered in rough gray skin and a forest of patchy hair, sticky with the remnants of my night's activities. But it was my cock that caught my attention most. I sported a thick grey fleshy sack of skin where my ballsack once was. The massive orbs within were not the same ones that I had gone to bed with. And my cock was cocooned in a gray sheath that extended all the way up my fuzzy groin. It was slowed only by a beer gut that hadn't been there last night either.

It was then that I caught a glimpse of my hands. The backs were smooth and gray, and the nails on each had thickened, changing towards a dirty brown. And the fingers themselves were massive! I stood up, staring down at my sausage sized hands.

I rubbed at still human arms, sure my touch was spreading a small patch of dark gray flesh along the surface. Yet the changes were not causing my arm hairs to fall out, however. If anything, they seemed to be a little thicker! And my fingers reported a firmness that I was sure was even more pronounced than last night. Despite the discomfort of experiencing such a change, I couldn't help but feel a sense of pride from the newly developed muscle.

There was no doubt in my mind that it was the protein shake that was doing this. I sat in bed for an eternity, trying to come to terms with the reality of my situation. There was no website for this off-brand drink that I could find. I didn't know who to contact for help. And even if there was, what could they do? I was sure that the two guys on the news didn't choose to stay horse-men. Did that mean I would be stuck as a rhino-man? What would my life be like?

And then there was the change of my sexuality. I knew I was already as hard as fuck for Matt. And it was true he was my buddy, asshole that he was. But the still human part of me couldn't

imagine fucking him or getting fucked by him. I was pretty sure the horses were a mated pair now, lovers despite the forced change upon them. Never in my wildest dreams would I ever get with Matt. But if I didn't, what would my relationship prospects be for the future? Surely no woman, or man, if that was where my new sensibilities lay, would be compatible with a rhino-man's body!

A tingling in my face broke me from my self-reflection. I reached up to touch a hard protrusion where none had been present. Was that a...oh no. My face! I quickly ran to the bathroom, needing to see what had happened to my face. Part of me worried about waking my already pissed off roommate, but that wasn't important right now.

The rank stench of my cum hit my nose as soon as I entered the bathroom. It seemed as though Brett hadn't bothered to clean it up. I couldn't say I blamed him. It was certainly gross from an outside perspective. But the scent of my own rank spunk was more of a powerful turn-on that I wanted to admit. The odor made my cock start to unfurl from my sheath. But I couldn't focus on that now, as much as my hormones dictated.

The sight of what happened to my face made me frightened for my future. My nose had flattened out and had stretched near the edge of my lips. It made room for the protrusion that had forced its way out of my flesh like a reddening zit. The new growth seemed more like the texture of my nails than my skin, a thick dark protrusion that took up a frightening amount of the space on my face. It looked like a second one was poking below the main one, but it was impossible to say. The only thing it could be was a rhino's signature horn!

Something twitching above my ass made me reach down towards my backside. The pain I recalled from laying on it last night came back to me ten-fold. I knew what it was and I didn't want to look. But I had to. Reaching back with thicker fingers revealed a skin-textured growth above my ass. I bit the bullet and turned in the mirror, greeted by the sight of a fucking 2-inch tail sticking out of my ass! I realized that I could move it, feeling it twitch over my ass and sending a series of micro tremors over my body.

The sensations ebbing from my dick could no longer be ignored, however, despite the fear of those discoveries. My mammoth fingers had already reached down to stroke it. The flesh felt unusually warm and moist. I braced myself as my gaze sank to the inhuman beast that laid before me. The tip was all wrong, thick, and flattened. But its edges were what really frightened me. There were five separate points over the surface of the cock head, looking for all the world like a starfish. And the shaft was strange too, oddly girthy at the base though thicker overall. Was this what a rhino's cock looked like? I made a note to research it later.

I couldn't resist touching it, despite how bizarre and alien it seemed. My massive fingers encircled the girthy flesh, sending tingles of pleasure into my already engorged balls. Despite having cum so much the previous night, it seemed as though my changed body was ready for

more. Where was I getting this kind of stamina? I couldn't believe how needy my body was. A few simple strokes were all I needed to bring myself over the edge.

A loud thumping brought my attention to the door, though I wasn't able to pull my hand off my dick. "Hey, what the fuck man?! What's been up with you lately?" Brett asked, clearly still pissed off at me. I was a little confused about why he would be bothering me until a part of me realized that I had been grunting rather loudly, making my intent clear even through the door. He had to know I was masturbating! Yet I couldn't stop. I was so close!

I reached out to make sure I locked the door, but I clearly wasn't aware of the strength I had in my body. The minute I touched the handle, it broke in my hand, and the door swung open, exposing my naked body and my thick rhino erection.

My roommate stared directly at me, stunned by the sight of my changed body. I should have been ashamed of what I had become and what I was doing. But even the humiliation of masturbating in front of another man wasn't enough to reduce my erection. I was going to cum, and I couldn't hold back!

"What the fuck!?" Brett yelled as my cock unloaded all over the bathroom, and my buddy's bathrobe and skin. The sight of his disgust did little to ebb the powerful orgasmic surge as my entire body was wracked with the release.

I panted a bit, holding my legs as my massive body struggled to handle the pleasures from such an inhuman cock. Yet I couldn't avoid seeing what I had done to my roommate. I stared at his cum soaked visage, feeling a deep sense of shame for my actions. How could I have done this?

Brett turned white as a sheet, obviously shocked at the turn of events. He eventually came out of his trance, vomiting before he ran back into his room. I couldn't blame him. I could hardly explain what was happening to me myself!

I did my best to get out of there. An overcoat, baggy pants, and heavy boots were all I could do to avoid detection. I was still changing underneath, I could feel it. My muscles were twitching as though pushing at the thickening hide all over. The formerly loose clothes seemed even tighter the more I walked. And the stink wafting off my sweaty body entered into my much larger nostrils, threatening to make my erection bust out of the ill-fitting clothes.

The walk seemed to take forever, but eventually, I did make it to the familiar sight of my buddy's apartment. I knew he was expecting me, whether he wanted me there or not. I didn't want to be there either if I was being honest with myself. But there was no other course of action. He was going through the same thing as I was, and I needed his help to contact the company and maybe find a cure. I didn't want to spend my life as a Rhino-man!

Not to my surprise, Matt's door was unlocked, and I had an easy time getting in. As soon as I entered, the fragrance of his musk hit me like a freight train. It was thick and heavy, almost palpable in the air as I tried to breathe through my mouth. But it was no use. The minute I took one whiff of that lovely masculine stink, my cock started tearing at the sweatpants. I had to touch myself. But fuck, I couldn't. Not here!

"Hey man? How are you doing? You know ...with..." My voice trailed off at that. What did I say to someone at a time like this?

"How the fuck do you think!? I have an animal's dick!" A yell came from the bedroom as I heard a heavy stomping coming towards me.

I knew what to expect, but still, the sight startled me. Matt came into view, naked and exposing his gray hide. If anything, Matt looked even more changed than I was. Maybe he had masturbated more than I had. It was impossible to tell. His mouth had extended into some sort of proto snout. The hair on his head was sparse, as though he was going bald. His ears were pointed, sticking out of his head like some sort of mutant elf.

But the real kicker was how big his cock was. It was even more girthy than mine! The tip looked like some dilapidated starfish, oozing as though he had just cum. In fact, the potent male pheromones in the air told my flattened nose just that. His thick cock was steady sliding back into his massive sheath, his thick pendulous balls swaying as though still swollen with seed.

Part of me wanted to see just how much jism was in his balls, but I did my best to restrain myself. It was nearly impossible now, however, as his cock started sliding from his sheath once more. The stench of my own spunk on my unclean body must have been spurring him on. I had to get out of here before I started getting ideas. Yet I was frozen stiff by the sight of the massive rhino-man before me. I'd never been so powerfully attracted to anyone or anything in my life before.

The more I stared, the harder I got. I felt a little bit embarrassed that my own cock was a far cry from Matt's. Yet even as I stood there, enamored by his presence, the contours of my cock started to expand. I was mesmerized by the idea of having a cock as massive as Matt's. I didn't want to be a fucking rhino man, but...damn animal men were hung! What guy wouldn't be into that? And even if it made me gay, attracted to men, I couldn't deny how much I wanted that thing inside me!

It was obvious that Matt's body was sending him similar signals. But his mouth had other ideas. "Get the fuck out of here!" He bellowed in a much deeper baritone that I was used to. He tried to put his hand over his member. Yet the moment his cock touched his hands, he shuddered, moaning in agony from his sexual needs and the slightest touch that spurred them on.

“Go...please...I can’t!” Matt yelled as a meaty hand reached back to play over the growth above his ass that was becoming his twitching rhino tail.

Matt was right. I needed to get out of there before I made things worse. I ducked into the bathroom, shutting the door and breaking the knob once more with my strength. I had to get away from the lusty pheromones, but I couldn’t leave without planning our next move with Matt. It was the best I could do in short order. As hard as I was, I didn’t want to let my friend fuck me!

The sight of my body in the mirror gave me a shock. My gut was expanding, protruding outwards as my chest broadened. My arms thickened as the muscles writhed under the steadily growing flesh. I could practically feel the bulk of my body ballooning with dozens of pounds. I was getting fat, like the animal I was starting to resemble.

But it was my cock that was changing the most. As I watched, inch after inch slide out into view, flopping over the sink and making me moan. Fuck, I was hung! I winced as the pressure in my balls became too much to resist. My thick hands hovered tepidly over the girth of my cock, trying to resist the urge like a man in the desert trying to resist a cold glass of water.

A knock at the door surprised me. I didn’t think Matt would come to see me so quickly. The door swung open, my punishment for my impulsiveness. I was left to bathe in the male stink of my soon-to-be rhino brother as he stood in the open door.

“I’m really sorry man. I didn’t mean to be so harsh. I just...I’m scared man. We need to get help. I...” He started before his gaze fell over the muscle swelling over my body. I simply blushed, excited over the attention I was getting. I’d never been so humbled by someone finding me sexy, certainly never by a woman. So what if it was a man that was showering me with attention, getting hard at the sight of me? All that mattered was what my body was screaming at me!

“Matt...I...we need...” I started to say, but the words hardly left my mouth. His lips were on mine before I could say another word. The taste of his thicker rubbery lips was divine, and before I knew what was happening, I was kissing him back. My thick sausage fingers were playing over his back, feeling the armor-like flesh crawling over his skin from my fingertips.

As he made out with me, I could feel my body swelling up, the muscles pushing against my skin as though it was a size too small. It was almost painful! Yet Matt’s thick tongue in my mouth was more than enough to distract me from the discomfort. My skin was numb, the flesh rolling over my frame like hard armor.

The most exciting part was feeling his own muscles growing under my touch. I was painfully aware that my thick rhino fingers lacked the level of tactical sensation that I was used to. The exertion was making him sweaty, and I could feel how moist his skin was, even though my hands were thicker. I didn’t mind. The thick musk in the inclosed space made me hornier!



As my tongue played over Matt's own, I could tell my jaw was beginning to jut out. Yet it didn't matter. I was simply gaining more tongue to shove into my lover's own stretching muzzle. My massive nostrils drank in more of the delectable sweat rolling off Matt's rhino body. A tingling from my forehead signaled that my hair was falling out, leaving my throbbing forehead bare as the thickening skin encroached over it. Even my horn was getting larger!

Yet my attention was drawn away from the changes as a meaty hand reached down to touch my erect cock. The sensation of even the lightest caress of Matt's thick fingers made my entire body flare-up! It was far better than touching myself this morning! What would it feel like to have him inside me, stimulating my prostate while stroking my girthy cock?

A massive finger brushing against my anus eroded the last of my resistance. It felt too good! I moaned, backing away to a look of confusion in my friend's still-human eyes. I could easily perceive my own lust reflected there. Yet my gaze soon drifted down to see how intensely erect his massive cock was. He needed to fuck, and my changing body demanded to be filled!

"Please...do it!" I yelled, bending over and bracing my massive hands on the counter as I turned around and raised my tail, exposing my taut pucker. I was sure I could feel it moving under the taint above my balls, making it easier for me to be fucked in the manner I craved.

With only a loud snort, Matt was on me, guiding his cock over my hole and rubbing its drooling tip on my still human skin. I shivered from the warm fluid, sending micro tremors all through my body. I'd never felt such a thing on my ass before, and it was more than a little uncomfortable. But I simply kept my tail raised, my hips wiggling back and forth ever so slightly from the prospect of being bred. I didn't care how outlandish it felt. I needed to be fucked in the worst way!

With a shudder from my lover, I felt his taut cock tip push insistently against my opening. I groaned, unsure how to allow him entry. I had never taken anything up the ass before, and I was so damn tight! But the thoughts of being penetrated kept me hard and caused me to reflexively lean back into my would-be-mate. I relaxed a little, my rectal clamps softening just enough for his strangely shaped cock to find its place. I was sure my pucker was transitioning more into a rhino's asshole if that tingling was more than just the feeling of precum staining my ass. But whatever the cause, he was finally in!

I moaned in a heavy baritone that would have disturbed my pointed ears had I not been distracted by the pain in my guts. It was unbelievably uncomfortable having something in my ass like that. How did gay guys do this all the time? I shuddered, trying my best to keep still for the pleasure I thought would come.

Yet Matt would not be denied by such a shallow thing as my discomfort. With a heavy grunt, he started thrusting as though I was some sort of sex doll. I was sure I could feel his drool falling on my neck as I was fucked. He was acting just like the beast we were both becoming!

I wanted to tell him to stop, that he was hurting me and that I didn't really want this. Yet there was something about the way he was taking his pleasure from me by force. Something that made my cock leak. I wanted to be used, to be fucked by a male even larger than myself. It felt good, right to be taken advantage of!

As these thoughts crossed my mind, the perception of pleasure ebbed into my form from deep in my bowels. Was that my prostate? The feelings rolled over me like molasses, covering every inch of my being with what I could only call ecstasy. It was far better than anything I could have ever conceived. It made me want nothing more than to be this rhino-man's bitch for the rest of my days!

As I was fucked, I could feel the changes speed up somewhat, as though the simple act was enough to spur them on. My pinky and middle fingers tingled as they began to fade into my gray flesh and become vestigial. My ass swelled up with fat and muscle as my bulging stomach pressed against the porcelain sink. My widening nose drank in our combined lust as Matt's trusts became more and more insistent. I was sure he wasn't going to last long!

Matt's changes were speeding up as well. His massive bulk weighed heavy on my back, keeping me in place as he fucked me. I could feel his three-fingered hands caressing my armored back, his pinky, and middle fingers removed like mine. His slightly protruded jaw nipped the back of my neck, as though he was trying to hold me in place as he prepared to explode inside me.

He was getting me closer and closer the more he fucked me. I could feel his pace quickening as his muffled moans increased in frequency. His thick sausage sized fingers finally reached down to grab my cock, and I shuddered from even the briefest of contact. His skilled fingers played all over the ridges and contours of my penis, making me shudder as I leaked all over his hand. Oh fuck, it was too good!

His thick hands on my cock were more than enough to bring me to the precipice of climax. I gripped the sink tightly as the tension in my balls grew to a crescendo. I so terribly needed the release that he promised me. I was gonna blow, and I couldn't stop it even if I wanted to!

"AGGGHHH...FUCK MATT!" I yelled as my cock blew torrents and torrents of jism all over his damaged bathroom. The sheer force of my orgasm caused me to reflexively grip down on the sink, and before I could stop myself, the surface cracked and fell to the floor with a loud crash. Yet the vibrations and ringing in my ears did little to quell the pleasure of my seed flying from my aching balls.

Lost in my own orgasmic reverie I was scarcely aware that Matt's own cock inside me was jerking uncontrollably. He was ready to blow inside me, and my massive gaping asshole clamping down on his penis was the catalyst he needed.

"I'm gonna cum man...fuck!" Matt yelled as his massive cock started throbbing inside of me. I could feel him pulling in and out in rapid succession as something warm and wet shot into my rectum. He was filling me with his cum! I found I actually enjoyed the sensations of having another man's seed in me, especially in tandem to the drizzle of my own cum and the post-orgasmic tremors that washed over my massive frame.

We stood like that for a while, panting from the most powerful release either of us had ever experienced. It was immensely satisfying having such a massive penis inside me, feeling the warmth of a male in my bowels.

I was tired as hell, either from the changes or the amazing sex or both. I started lowering myself to the bathroom floor, needing to rest. Matt pulled out of me, and I could feel a torrent of cum leaking from my asshole. I didn't even care that I was lying in a puddle of our combined lust.

We lay on the floor after that, our massive frames far too large for the bed or couch. But that was OK. I didn't think we were fully changed yet. It was difficult to say without having another specimen for us to see. But even as I slowly passed out, I could feel the twinges of change encroaching over my body.

The sound of the phone ringing woke me from my slumber a little. I reached down to pick it up but stopped. My bulky three-fingered hands would probably break the thing. And besides, with my male mate's scent deep in my massive nostrils, there was nothing else I needed as I passed out once more. Despite the former fears of changing, the resistance I had to being Matt's mate, or what our futures would bring, at this moment, I was more content than I could ever recall

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## Part 2 Brett

I stood in my bedroom, dripping and dumbfounded at what the hell had happened. The stink of cum was all over my face, my body, and clothes. It took all I had to think of a way to get my clothes off without touching more of the stuff. The sound of the apartment door closing as Jared evidently left only made me even more enraged. That asshole had the gull to leave after doing THIS to me?!

I was getting the fuck out of this living system. Jared had been a decent roommate, and an OK buddy, but this sick faggot shit was crossing a line. I would start looking into other arrangements as soon as I could break the lease.

Careful of the jizz on my arms and hand, I used my phone to call into work, knowing that I would not have time to get ready. They were quite cross with me, with the amount of extra work I was

scheduled for, but I didn't have much choice, reeking with spunk as I did! Hanging up the phone, I nearly gagged from the stench that seemed to amply even after it dried. Fuck, it REEKED!

I went to the bathroom to strip, trying to put the sight of his naked body out of my mind. Though I'd only gotten a glance before turning away in shock, there was something odd about the image in my mind. I could swear there was a gray sheen to his skin that was out of place. And he was definitely bigger. He was a little chubby, sure, who wasn't? But the way he looked was definitely off. And something was wagging out of his ass that I couldn't find the words for. It kinda looked...like a tail? That wasn't right.

Even with my clothes off, some of the damn cum had gotten on my skin, and the smell was making me nauseous. I stepped into the shower, my skin burning from where the drying jizz had stuck. It made me want to rub the flesh, but I wanted to avoid touching the stuff as best as I could. I turned the water on hot to clean myself, but the instant it hit me, heat scalded my flesh. I turned it down to the point of nearly freezing, trying to get the heat flushing my skin to subside. Yet it wouldn't go away. Worse than that, it seems to be spreading, covering my whole body like a fever. Was I getting sick?

I stayed in the water for what felt like hours, nearly forgetting I needed to wash the jizz off my skin. Yet when I soaped up and ran the cloth over my skin, it seemed...rough, like I was covered in a layer of dead skin that needed to be sloughed off. There was no evidence I had been covered all over in man-juice. It was as though it had been absorbed into the skin. What the fuck? Even though the shower was cold, my flesh still seemed to be red, raw in some places. In fact, the entirety of my epidermis was rough and thick, like something had bubbled out of the skin.

I couldn't see what was happening with the water on, so I stepped out of the shower, hoping that the mirror might help me. Yet as soon as I did so, the stench of cum hit me full once, and I retched again, the scent somehow stronger if such a thing was possible. The steam in the room should have at least covered some of the smell. It was drying, right? Why did it still reek so much!?

Momentarily forgetting about my skin, I reached down to grab some cleaning products when the visage of my face caught my eye. Reflected in the mirror was a nose far longer than what I was accustomed to. It reached the length of my lips, the nostrils flared and breathing heavily, as though I was out of shape. There must be a crack in the mirror. That or Jared had fucking jizzed all over it.

I could indeed smell cum on the mirror, my massive schnoz drinking it in, despite my earlier reluctance. I started sniffing, the musky male scent growing stronger as I carefully traced my nose over the counter. It was still thick, still smelly...but...I couldn't stop. And it was more than simply becoming accustomed to the stench. It was as though I liked it.

A surge of blood flowed down towards my cock, and my hand was on it in an instant. Yet the instant my hand brushed against my penis, I pulled away. Disgusted, I tried to rid my mind of the mental image that accompanied it. Yet I couldn't remove the visage of how sexy Jared had been, standing there naked. And how massive his cock was as it flared and shot its load all over me...

"Fuck! The hell is wrong with me!?" I yelled, trying to snap myself away from the depraved imagery. I mean, there was nothing wrong with being gay, but I haven't had a gay thought in my life!

I got myself out of the room, the stink of cum making me leak all over the floor as I did so. It was a Herculean effort to keep my hands off my dick, and a cold shower was off the table. So, I headed to my bedroom, getting dressed, and training a fan on me as I did everything in my power to keep my cock down.

As I lay there, I tried to properly process what was going on. Last night, and this morning, Jared had made a mess in the bathroom, totally out of character for him. And after being sprayed with jism, now I was feeling unnaturally needy? That didn't make any sense. The closest idea I had was maybe some sort of virus he had transmitted, but I'd never heard of such a thing making another man horny for cock.

I forced myself to get up, careful of the python in my pants as I did a quick google search for any such virus. Naturally, there wasn't much to go on. The only thing was an obviously fake account about a couple of dudes who drank a protein shake and turned into horse dudes. They hadn't been gay before, but after the change, they were a couple. I didn't know if it was a viral thing, but...Jared hadn't looked entirely like himself, right?

I noticed a strong, musky odor rising from my crotch, followed by annoying dampness that made me want to change my pants and my underwear. Cursing, I reached down to take them off but then stopped. I could clearly see the outline of my penis in my pants, but...it was way down to my knees! I tried to shake my head, but there was no denying the girthy python in my pants belonged to me. I grunted a little, the pain of such a confined thing causing me trouble.

As afraid as I was, I still had to see what had become of my cock. At the very least, I had to get it out of these pants before I hurt myself! I stood up, careful of touching my cock as I undid my jeans. It took some effort; it was as though my thighs had thickened, a size too large for the pants I had on. Still, with a bit of struggling, I was able to pull them off, though the sound of tearing was a little alarming. These were my good pants, damnit! How did they get so tight so fucking fast?

Yet it paled in comparison to the sight of the penis that greeted me. The first thing I noticed was that its flaccid size was comparable to my erection. The glans seemed to have merged with the head, which itself was beginning to flatten. A pinkish-gray flesh was running over it, mottled in

some places as my curious fingers slid inside my foreskin. Speaking of which, I was THICK. My foreskin didn't open all the way down, but it was certainly wider than before.

As I touched the base, I was suddenly flushed with arousal, still needy from my earlier bathroom excursion. All at once, the tip started leaking a little, the scent of the salty, musky fluid hitting my nose and making my nostrils flare. I could feel them stretching, as though seeking out the source of the pungent aroma. I was a little alarmed at the sight of them in front of my face, expanding into view as they widened lower towards my lips. My entire jaw felt a little numb, as though I was drugged up, and I was tempted to rub the area.

Yet the need in my cock took prescience. I knew somewhere deep down I was getting turned on by thoughts of men, that my body was warping to match the one I saw my roommate wearing just hours ago. That made it gay, didn't it?

Yet before I could contemplate it further, my hand was already on my cock, gently pumping up and down as the tip oozed pre. I closed my eyes, laying back on my bed, and I allowed myself the rapture of self-pleasure. I knew it was wrong, knew that I should hold back. But never before had I needed to cum so hard, and I would not be denied the release I so desperately sought!

"Uhhh...AHHH AHHH!" I yelled out, not even trying to stifle it as my cock shot a modest spurt of jism up through the shaft and all over my hand and my pants. I should have tried to grab a tissue, but I was far too enveloped by the amazing orgasm that was overtaking me.

As I lay there in post-orgasmic bliss, I was hardly aware of the intense tingling that was spreading over my body. It seemed to be emanating from my dick but was steadily crawling up my belly, coating my legs and chest with that uncomfortable warmth. I reached up to rub my paunch, noticing how dry and rough the skin was, yet still covered with sparse, wiry hairs.

I bolted upright, wondering what the hell was happening to me. I gazed down helplessly as an ashen hue slowly spread from my groin, over my belly, and up my chest. I tugged my shirt off, watching in horror as the shade spread over me like a cup filling with water. I wanted to pull my pants off too, but I was sure it would be the same case. I ran a trembling hand over the flesh in disbelief, feeling how firm and rough it was. It looked like an animal's hide! What the fuck was happening to me!?

Yet the sight of off-gray flesh was not enough to deter me from my cock, which had gone limp and was hanging from my groin, tip burbling out another glob of cum. It was bigger, which had escaped my notice during the rush of sexual ecstasy it gave me. My foreskin was being pulled downward, peeling away to expose my head as it tore all the way down to the base. As it did so, a loose pouch was drawn towards the top of my groin, nearly touching my belly. It pulled my cock up somewhat, a little uncomfortable as the sack of flesh hung downward.

As I stared, the flathead began to taper at the edges, as though small points of flesh were poking from each side, forming a square shape that sent a shudder of disgust through my body. What kind of animal had a penis like this?

I hardly had time to reflect when a rumbling coursed through my body, making me yelp a little. Every inch of my flesh was on fire as the muscle under the skin started pulsating, adding on additional layers of tissue. It happened all at once, assaulting my senses and bringing me to my knees. I closed my eyes, helpless as my entire body swelling all over. I could feel the muscle push against the skin, and I was worried it would burst. Yet the sturdy epidermis held firm as the muscles underneath expanded beyond the capacity for my human body to maintain. My biceps, hips, thighs, calves, chest, stomach, and even my face were all pressed outward from the force of expanding musculature and growth.

At last, the sensations ceased for a moment, and I was able to stand again, taking stock of the changes to my form. I was a little taller, but that was the least of my concerns. Every inch had filled out with hard-packed muscle, making me a beast of a man, especially in conjunction with my leathery hide. I ran trembling, thick fingers over the skin, feeling a firmness that could not exist on my frame. I wasn't toned, not like I'd seen bodybuilders achieve. There was some fat, some girth to my form as well. But underneath was hard-packed muscle, likely doubling my weight. How strong was I now?

I shook my head a moment, noticing for the first time that something was stuck out in front of my face. I crossed my eyes a little to see my nose clearly in front of my face. My jaw had begun to change if the pain was any indication. I ran out of the bedroom, dashing to the mirror to see what had become of my visage.

To my horror, the gray mass of flesh was far removed from the sight that normally greeted me. My nose was thick and flattened, my nostrils flaring as I got a whiff of that potent male stink once more. My hair looked sparse, and my beard was replaced with a peppering of thick hair above the alien gray flesh. The image was somewhat familiar, but with my own features present, it took me some time to really place it. I sort of looked...like a rhino?

I tried desperately to recall the glimpse of Jared I'd seen before I'd dashed off, but it was a blur at the moment, the shock of him creaming himself and covering me with it too much. He was bulbous and gray, in some places. And his jaw was extended too, a lot like my own. And above his nose...was he developing rhino horns?

It hit me then that he had been gone for several hours now, never bothered to come home. Was he out there somewhere, changing? Had his transformation gone on longer than mine?

I reached for my phone, cautions of my muscles as I gingerly picked it up. I dialed Jared's number, letting it rung and buzz for what felt like an eternity until I finally gave up. Asshole

wasn't picking up his phone! *Or maybe he couldn't*, I thought with a chill. Maybe, he no longer had hands.

At that thought, I could feel my own digits cracking, the flesh thickening as they ballooned outwards along with swelling palms. At least, two of them and a thumb did. The remaining fingers lost their feeling as I stared in shock. They seemed to be reduced in diameter, slowly sinking at the same rate as the others were growing. I couldn't even move them if I tried, the electrical signals evidence gone!

"No, not my fucking hands!" I yelled in frustration, but there was nothing it could do to stop my digits from reducing into my palms. Yet the lack of sensation did not deter my attention from the growth of the other three. They continued to swell, encompassing the empty space as they thickened to the girth of sausages. Their length was overcome with the same ashen skin, while the nails grew muddy and black. Their entire surface was tingling as they grew to mammoth proportions, but even as the change seemed to diminish, I realized they still remained their relative flexibility. I could use them, at least, even if there were only three!

I panted there for a moment, trying desperately to conduct a plan of action. OK, so I still had my hands. I wasn't turning all the way. It was a minor relief. That meant Jared was out there somewhere, on his way to being a rhino-man. But where? He usually only even went to his buddy Matt's, and had been there last night if memory served. That was the first time I'd noticed his strange alterations. Would he have gone there now? It was as good a lead as any, and I couldn't just stay here and do nothing!

A loud rip tore through my ears as my muscles started to rapidly expand once more. I gasped, a tightness overtaking me as more of that gray flesh threatened to pull off my pants. I tried to take a step, but even the slightest motion was enough to tear my pants down the center, my pillar-like legs obviously insufficient for the pants to contain. I tried desperately to work my massive fingers under the belt, but there was zero space from my growing waist. I sighed, figuring what the hell and tearing off the jeans the rest of the way. They fell uselessly to the floor as I stood there in my undies, thankful they at least were of the stretchy variety.

With little other option, I went into my room to find the bulkiest clothing I could. Thankfully, I had a pair of stained sweatpants that were sufficient to contain my bulk, though only just barely. Still, it was better than nothing. A massive winter hoodie came down over my expansive chest, though I was already warm from the sweltering heat. But it would have to do. I certainly couldn't head outside half-naked!

As I headed out the door, a pain in my spine made me stoop over, grunted in a voice that was not my own. I shivered, reaching back a beefy hand to touch the flesh above my asshole. I could feel a bit of skin squirming just below the surface, and from my slight touch, it started to wriggle out of my back. The tip itched with the growth of sparse fur as it stretched its way out of



my spine. I turned my neck all the way back to see what I knew to be my new tail, twitching of its own accord.

I knew I didn't have much time if the changes accelerated like this. Jared was probably already a rhino, or rhino-man depending on the circumstances. If I waited, I'd never been able to make it out in public. At least, I figured, if I met up with Jared, then we'd be able to figure this out together. The stretching of my cock did not go unnoticed at the thought of encountering another virile male like myself.

I did my best to break through the trance as I desperately squeezed on my shoes. They were tight, yet still fit, for now. Yet the moment I turned the knob on the door, a sickening crack resonated to the frame, and I felt it give way and out into my massive hands. I stared at the knob in disbelief, obviously unaware of my strength until just now. The door gently swung open while I stared down dumbly. I knew I should try to close it, but what was the point? I had to get out of here while I still could, my stuff be damned! Apartments weren't made for Rhino-men!

It was late afternoon, and to my disdain, the streets were full of traffic. But with a hoodie over my head and tightening sweatpants, I wasn't too much of an outlier. I doubted anyone was looking at me, or could clearly see the tail twitching out of my pants. Still, I knew I needed to get out of there and fast if I wanted to keep my clothes on my body. I could already feel the sweat pants getting tighter around my waist, and I wasn't sure how long they were fated to last. Now, THAT would gather some attention!

Thankfully, Matt's place wasn't too far, and my powerful new body was more than up for the task of running. Even as I ran, I could feel my feet expanding in my shoes, pulling painfully against the seams and threatening to burst forth at any moment. Yet the pain was dulled for a moment as what I knew to be thick nails covered the tips. The force of my stretching heel was too much, and they popped off my feet, forcing me to stumble and nearly fall. It was difficult to readjust to my stance, but part of my mind was racing from the fear of being discovered, and on autopilot, I was able to run forward even with the continued changes.

As I ran, I could feel my toes shifting, digging into the earth with each thunderous footfall. The nails were already thick with keratin spreading over the width and making my digits numb. Yet, unlike my fingers, they were not destined to retain any of their human flexibility. I wanted to try to move them but could not do so in my struggle to get to Matt's apartment. Still, my shifting stance did not go unnoticed, and with my elongated heel and thick nailed toes, I was walking on the balls of my feet. Only three toes remained on each foot, while their other two lost all feeling and disappeared into my heel.

At last, the sight of Matt's apartment over the hill caught my eye, and I forced myself forward, wanting to stay out of sight as best I could. I rang the doorbell a few times, careful of my thicker fingers so as not to break the bell. I felt nervous standing here, wanting to get out of sight lest someone call animal control or worse. But the door wasn't opening. Either they weren't home, or

they were ignoring me. Perhaps occupied with other activities, ones that made me tent in my pants...

In a last act of desperation, I hit another button and was greeted to the familiar buzz of a door opening. Thankfully, the tenet was more than willing to open the door for who they perceived as another tenet simply locked out. I raced inside, up the stairs while trying not to make as much noise with my heavy form. I pulled open Matt's unlocked door, a waft of male stink hitting me in the face and causing a tearing in my pants that signaled the growth on my dick. It smelled too much like my own sweaty hide, confirming that they were both in here and changing as I was.

I stepped in tentatively, not wanting to call out lest I disturbed them. Yet only the sounds of heavy breathing and snoring could be heard echoing in the apartment. I tiptoed around, making my way to the source of the sound. Yet I was not prepared for the sight of the two men before me. Part of me knew that they wouldn't quite be normal, given the changes happening to my own body. But they weren't even human! Both of them were passed out on the bathroom floor, snoring audible and evidently covered in drying cum, particularly dripping out of the ass of the larger one. Both were near fully rhino-men, as best as I could tell.

Had I not known it was Jared and Matt, I wouldn't be able to distinguish their formerly human faces in the visages of the beasts. There were some differences, of course, enough I could tell them apart. But for the most part, they looked exactly like I'd expect anthropomorphic rhinos to look like. Massive muscled gray-skinned forms, with expansive horns and twitching tails. Thick, three-fingered hands and toeless stumps for feet. Thick muzzles with pliable lips and hairless scalps. Many of their changes mirrored my own. Would I soon end up looking like this too?

The prevailing stench, along with the masculine forms before me, caused a responding tear in my pants. I looked down at the inhuman gray dick I now sported, the starfish-shaped cockhead flared, and the urethra forced open to leak pre-cum onto the floor. I was powerfully aroused and wanted nothing more than to relinquish myself to them, despite my desire to stay human.

Touching myself was one thing, but I couldn't do so in front of a guy, could I? It was clear from the sight of drying cum that both Jared and Matt had let themselves succumb. And it was nearly impossible to deny the urge to join them. What if they got up and helped me along? What would it be like to blow my load with them, to let myself be taken by them in the way they had surely taken each other. The urge to submit myself, to join their herd was so prevalent in my mind...

Slowly, the one I figured was Jared opened his eyes, sniffing the air as an unfamiliar musk wafted into his expanding nostrils. With a grunt, he got to his feet, opening his eyes and regarding me with a look of lust. Jared squinted a bit, and I could tell that Jared was having a harder time seeing with his rhino eyes. But even as he did his best to take in my form, I could see his cock starting to rise and a trail of pre-cum leaking from the tip.

“Brett?” He asked a thick husky grunt that nearly made me melt. Even with my widening jaw and flattened skull, it was likely obvious who I was.

I opened my mouth to respond, but a ripple of change ran through me, forcing my face forward with a crack of bone. I stumbled forward, the force of my larger face nearly unbalancing me. I could feel the flesh writhing underneath, see my face literally stretching before my eyes. The muscle and sinew in my jaw cracked with a series of wet pops as my entire face was forced forward. The numbing sensation overtook my lips again, and as I tried to adjust them, it became obvious that they carried far more flexibility than their human equivalents.

A tingling where the bridge of my nose once sat caught my attention. I reached up with fat fingers to feel a hard click against my already mutated nails. I didn't have a way to view the changes, but Jared was soon in front of me, holding a mirror to the dark welt that was bulging from below my eyes. It seemed to expand from the skin like a massive pimple, but the flesh was far thicker as the base expanded and started to grow pointed from the top. I stared in fascination as it continued to extend, curving upward into the rhino horn it seemed evident I would soon possess.

I sneezed a little bit as my nostrils continued to expand, the holes big enough to fit my human hand into. My jaw continued to ache as it pressed outward, momentarily putting pressure on my sinuses until it found a proper balance. My mouth continued to expand with a disconcerting crunch, and I was shocked to feel teeth erupting from the gums, thick, slab-like rhino teeth in place of my human ones. I let out a sigh at the notion that I would be forced to eat greens from the rest of my days, but that was the least of my worries!

As I gazed on at the changes, I realized that my eyes seemed to ache, and I squinted a few times, trying to stop my eyesight from blurring. Yet much to my disappointment, I could not clear the lack of perception. The room seemed dimmer from a distance, as though I was nearsighted. I'd never had the perfect vision, but that was terrible!

Yet the changes to my skull were not finished. A tingling in my ears reminded me of their previous curvature as they rose towards the top of my head. I jerked them reflexively and was shocked to feel them moving, twitching of their own accord. A slight tickling from the rest of my hair falling away was only a momentary distraction from the new flexibility they were granted. And the volume seemed to be turned up to the maximum as they picked up sounds as distant as the cars a few streets over, or listening in to the deep snoring of the other rhino-men still passed out on the floor.

But it was really my sense of smell that seemed to dictate my sensory inputs. Even when I tried not to breathe in, too scared of inhaling too much of that rhino musk, it was not to be denied. Not only did the scents spur on my leaking cock, already painfully taut in the tightening rags I still wore, but I was able to detect subtle intricacies that fascinated me. I tell that cum was still drying in Jared ass, and how powerful and virile the two men were from their sexual acts. But it

was more than that. I could even tell what the last thing Matt had eaten, where he'd lost some stuff under the couch, and the goings-on of the apartment over the last few days. It would take me hours to shift through all the knowledge acquired through my new enhanced senses.

Just then, a grunt erupted behind me, and my gaze traveled upward to see Matt, who was just now waking up. His nostrils flared noticeably, drinking in a musk that was certainly my own. A wide grin crossed his face as his dim eyes took me in.

"Mrrrrfff, you're a handsome one," Matt grumbled as he got to his feet. It did not escape my attention that he was more massive than myself or even Jared. And his cock was certainly thicker, which made me smile and raised my own erection. "Where'd he come from, Jared?"

"That's Brett, dude! Don't know how he got it though, he didn't drink any of that...wait. I fucking...Oh shit, man! Was that from my cum!? I'm so sorry dude! I didn't mean...wait, is that why you're changing so much faster than I am?" Jared asked, affirming my fears.

"Wait, what drink?" I asked, stunned. It was then that I saw an object tossed my way, and despite my limited vision, I was able to catch it. I squinted, looking at the label to see a cartoon rhino. It read something to the effect of "Rhino Protein Shake". But I couldn't be sure with such dim eyesight. Was this where the transformation had originated from?

I didn't have much time to contemplate things before my body groaned, and the vibrations of stretching bones ran over my form. The twitching and writing of my muscles had increased ten-fold, making me swell up like a balloon. As large as I had become, I was still a far cry from the other beast men in the room. My new ears could hear the audible sloshing of my organs rearranging, likely for a more plant-based diet. My bones cracked and snapped as they thickened and readjusted for my new form.

The bizarre twitches and pangs from my changing body, though uncomfortable, were not painful. Yet they served to distract me enough for feeling a pair of rubbery lips on my own as Jared came in front of me and began kissing me. I moaned a little, not expecting the contact yet not dismissing it altogether. Sensing my relaxation, he forced his tongue in deeper, entwining it with my own as he started running his thick nailed hands down my chest and stomach. As though in response, I could feel my belly continue to distinct, putting on layers of fat atop thick, hard-packed muscle. He took his other hand and held my head, encouraging my skull to grow outward to match his own impressive muzzle.

We continued to make out like that for several minutes, his gentle caresses accelerating my changes as my skin bubbled and popped into rhino-man proportions. I was most excited when his thick nailed hand ran over my cock and held it gently against his own. I could feel my fluids coating us in a lovely slick sheen as his hand ran up and down them both. Despite their girth, Jared was easily able to hold both in place as he started to thrust back and forth, his hips gyrating and forcing mine to ride in tandem. The feeling of his cock on mine was sublime, and

soon we were moving with practiced precision, our leaking cock heads fueling his gentle strokes. I was pleased to say my already rhino-like cock was growing to match the proportions of his own from the motions!

Yet far too soon for my liking, Jared broke off the dance, giving me another deep kiss as he pulled away. I looked at him through dimly lit eyes, a little disappointed but still eager for whatever he had in mind. The scents of male musk in the air told me that Jared was far from finished!

This time Matt stepped up to the plate, his long rod swaying back and forth as he approached. Gently, yet firmly, he set his arms on my shoulders and lowered me down on my knees as I felt the entire floor vibrate against my weight. As soon as I was down, he grabbed his thick rhino cock and guided it to my lips, and I then knew what he was planning.

I stared at the starfish-shaped cock in front of me, drooling copious fluids as his urethra pulsed open and closed with need. The musky male virility wafting from his sweaty balls and leaking cock head was a powerful attractant, and I licked my lips in anticipation. Without hesitation, I reached out with my pliable lips and teased the tip, making the much larger rhino man moan his approval as I gently pulled it inside my muzzle.

All at once, my senses were assaulted with a thick, salty flavor, more pleasant than I'd expected. It grew on me as I took Matt's cock and gently reached up my hand to hold it steady as adjusted to its size in my maw. My dexterous tongue could taste every vein and ridge, and I started to move my muzzle back and forth, finding a steady rhythm of fellatio.

Lost in the succulent flavor of the massive man's penis in my mouth, I had not paid attention to Jared. I nearly gasped as the sensation of his thick hand pulling up my tail, and I instinctively knew what he was doing. I raised my tail all the way up and to the side, feeling the warm fluid coating my asshole as something firm and moist touched the tip. I shivered from the implication of what this meant. These two rhinos intended to take me from both ends!

For a moment, the thought of being penetrated by these two burly beasts made me nervous. I hadn't been gay before today, and I was allowing myself to be taken from both ends so quickly! Yet any sliver of resistance I tried to muster flowed out of my body as the needs in my leaking dick took precedence. A fog of lust covered my mind as my sphincter relaxed, and the starfish-shaped cock head rubbed its way around my thick meaty pucker. He was lubing me up, filling my cavern with his slick fluids, even inching it inside ever so slightly to get me used to the idea.

Even though I was still enamored by the cock in my mouth, I was able to thrust my hips back to meet his gentle intrusion, wanting very much to take that massive member into my bowels. Jared seemed to get the hint and guided his penis forward, catching on the folds of my meaty

asshole and shoving his cock through the threshold. With a strained grunt and a wet pop, he was in!

I tried to stifle a groan of shock, not wanting to accidentally clamp down on the dick inside my lips. Yet the feeling of being entered was like nothing I had never felt. It hurt more than a little, likely due to my smaller stature concerning the rhino-men. It took some effort, but soon, I was relaxed enough to accept it all the way inside as Jared continued to fill my anus. He was slow, allowing my body to accept him fully and still not distract me from the pleasure of sucking down the rhino cock in my muzzle.

The flared cock tip started to pulse in my bowels and sent rather pleasurable waves of stimuli against my prostate, making me shiver and sent electrical signals into my cock that made me leak all the more. Sensing my readiness, Jared started to rock his hips back and forth as he had while in our make out sensation, drawing his cock tip in and out nearly to exiting me. Yet the steady rhythm only served to flow over my prostate even better than before, and soon my penis was strappy against my flabby belly as the three of us began our mating in earnest.

Though I was still the smaller of the rhino men, I felt the twinges of my flesh expanding once more, as though the pre-seed filling me up was fuel from my furthered changes. The last bits of hair on my body fell away as my skin continued to bubble from the thickening gray flesh. It was almost like wearing a suit of armor, not bulletproof, but enough that simple cuts and scrapes wouldn't be a worry anymore. My horn grew in front of my dim eyes, stretching into a size befitting my powerful stature. I felt as much of a virile musky male as the two rhino men using me for their own pleasure!

I was being taken by both ends now, the sensation of rhino cock a powerful aphrodisiac as both rhino-men fucked me in tandem. The taste of cock was growing more pungent the further I sucked, my ministrations obviously pleasing to my mate. I could feel every vein, every ridge throbbing in my mouth as I drank down every drop he would grant me. I could feel him start to throb more rapidly, and I steadied his shaft inside me, feeling him preparing to cum. I wanted so badly to taste down his seed as he used me for his pleasure!

\*MmMRRFFFF!" I bellowed as Matt blew his load down my throat. The corresponding bellow escaped his own thick lips as his cock flared, and his thick balls pumped a torrent of jism into my massive maw. I wasn't prepared for the syrupy load and the musky salty fluid as it poured into my mouth. The human me would have gagged, but lost in lust as I was, I swallowed it greedily, loving the musk that acquainted the stench hanging in the air. I even found my lips gripping his shaft, eager to drain his balls of all their seed.

Soon, his spray turned into a drizzle, and his retreating cock pulled slightly out of my lips. The overstimulation was too much for him to take. Still, I reached out with my pliable lips, trying to drink as much as I could before he denied me more.

The musky tasty was all I needed for my own cock to blow its load. The tingling in my balls had intensified all the while, the prostate stimulation nearly enough on its own. Yet with my hands currently occupied, it was nearly impossible to get the last-minute push I needed. I thrust my hips forward, humping the air, desperately seeking release.

Fortunately, Jared was there to help me. The instant I felt his thick three-fingered hands on my cock, I grunted, trying to keep my mouth closed lest I spill any of Matt's precious seed all over the floor and waste it. Still, it was impossible to stifle my moans as my cock jerked uncontrollably and shot a stream of rhino jism all over my chest and the floor. Some of the tasty cum in my mouth dripped out, but my thick pliable lips managed to catch most of it. Still, the feeling of blowing my load rippled through my body, making my vibrate in pleasure as the sight made Matt shoot the last of his cum onto my nose, and his mammoth cock started retracting into its sheath.

The reflexive clenching of my thick rhino pucker was sufficient to bring Jared along with me. His thick veiny cock flaring in my anus forced another burble of cum from my already spent cock. I could feel him thrashing wildly against my balls as he came, and the thick viscous fluid felt surprisingly comfortable in my bowels as he blew his load. It was an indescribable warmth, being filled at both ends, filled with rhino cum as the sweaty stink of our bodies wafted through my nose. It seemed to affirm a deep-seated need to belong, knowing that I was with my herd and that we had properly bonded.

I laid there in a pile of my herd mates, their stench wafting over me and relaxing me in ways that I'd never fathomed possible. I knew I had to get up, to call the hotline about the protein shake that had turned us into beasts, to try and get some help or recompense. But I was just too untroubled. The other guys weren't tired, not as much as I was, but they laid with me anyway, enjoying the company of their rhino brother. There was no rush, was there? For once in my life, the hustle and rush seemed so unimportant while I lay there, covered in sweat and drying cum as I reclined with my new herd.